MATTER OF AUTHORITY

Henry Wallace Phillips

causes in a cow camp," hancet to look at their works loud. outs the idee into his give my boys good raised dapjacks is good for breaksurup, Surup? Sure! I

ook for an outfit that wouldn't an' moddled with every-esa till he had the outilt.

off him. up," says he to me; "they

Nave, "they don't need it no to horse sense," says I, "but, to have it if I spile the too darn massy altogether,"

that I reached out an' grabbed his long nose—he had a beak on a pet elephant—in' I give her don't, old son," says I, "you

harge me once in a million re been twice Sheriff of Tula ye need the cooked under bosses more in their toe mails than it in your hull body, an' I'll you right naw. If I ketch eyin' around this mess wagon till you'll have a hump on somethin' that you'll be

and off a piece, just tremblin'

on that, pardner," I says. "There's durn few cinches on this earth, an' if I should happen around some night with a shotgun an' collect in spite of you, you'd feel mean for havin' talked so loud."

I says, "I'll give you surup enough anyhow," an' poured about a pint on his head an' gaumed it all over with a baloud."

Yes, an' more'n enough.

An' then I gave him the grand laugh. just as overbearin' an' dirty as I knew too." how, for I hated the sight of him. pourli Holy smoke' Wasn't he mad' He back.

fair foamed at the mouth. He tried to say so many things at oncet that they got all jammed in his throat. At last he got clear way on, an' began to read my fedigree.
Well, all he knew was a lot of old-

fushioned cusses an' bad names, with no particular ginger in 'em, an' I'm al-ways willin' to give an excited man ways willin' to give an excited man room enough to "pitch" in, so I just laughed an quirted him up with a word or two, until, b'goch, he gave me the surprise of my life.

surprise of my life.

From somewhere in that measly carkass of his he raked up nerve enough to yank his gun an' fire. He didn't miss me by such an awful life either, judgin'

by the whistle that went by my car.
The minute he heard the crack of the
gun he was scairt to death. He looked at me, then he chucked the gun away an flew for home an mother.

Well, I wasn't goin' to let him get away with that, so I put after him an' tailed him by the scruff of the neck.

As I lugged him back to the wagin I put on a face like Bold Bill, the terror of Bloody Bones an' Thunder Gulch-gritted my teeth, pulled down my eyebrows, an' crinkled my nose up like a

fightin' dawg.

When I slid my eye around on him ie just wiited; his phiz got yaller an' hrunk four sizes.

"Are you goin' to kill me?" says he,
"That'll be the least of your troubles."
says I, roarin' like a built then I raked
my Jaw sideways till my teeth creaked,
nn' threw another crimp into him.

He swallered hard, an' shrunk up more yet; his head flopped over like a sick hen's.

"Tell my wife-write her," says he in a voice not louder than a mice's squeak.
I near bust out when I looked at him; but enough of a thing is a plenty, an' 1 see that I'd carried that part of the joke about far enough, if I didn't want

con rind. "Yes, an' more'n enough, too," says I, pullin' out his collar an' pourin' the rest of the can down his

"Da-day, son," says I, "an' don't you never shoot at me ag'in, or you'll have bad luck!"

Off he lopes for home to wash the surup off, not lovin' me like a brother any part of the time.

The boss didn't stand very high after that. Whenever the boys looked at him, they'd see me pourin' surup down his back, and that ain't dignified for a su-

He an' I got along by his leavin' me He an' I got along by his leavin me strictly alone. You see, he'd tumbled to the fact that there wasn't anybody to help him out, an' he dropped some of his little ways. He quit bullyraggin' the boys an' acted quite decent.

Now I've got to come to the part of the yarn I don't like pretty much. The play came up like this:

play came up like this:

We had a bufferler calf in camp that

was a great pet. Well, Buffy turned up lost one morning an' all the boys were busy. I said I'd take a scout for him after the breakfus' things was cleaned I had an i-dee Mr. Buff had taken to the timber, so in I went, too, followin' the line of the river for easy travelin'

until I came to a little slough that headed me off. I knew it might be miles around it,

an' as it wasn't over twenty foot wide I thought I'd try to cross. In the middle was a sand bar.

I picked up a pole, took a short run an' jumped for the bar. I landed on it— right up to my middle! The sand shook like jelly an' long wayes rolled out away from me; where

it looked dry before turned wet and greasy, an' I knew I was elected.

The quicksands on our river were the

to drop dead on my hands, so I bein' smothered. Even when I was a some Injuns useter hunt in the brush, so his head down on the bread-board kid I couldn't stand the covers over my I looked to where the sound came from,

had was with a feller that ducked me in swimmin. Well, sir, now that I was face to face with thinkin how it would face to have the cold sand creep upcreep upcme with my head r'ared back.

The bushes crackled an' parted—an' there stood that dod-gasted, shriveled—thinks to myself. "Sure! Of course! Thinks to myself. "Sure! Of course! Anybuddy might have known you'd be to keep goin' as long as possible; then the line gettin' up to my nose spite of all I would do: then breathin' in sand an' water an chokin' then no air at all crud.

-well, I'll tell the truth. I went crary an' thrashed an' floundered aroun' like back!"

a cat in a fit. of course, I only got sucked down deeper for that; that's one of the real bueatles of a quicksand—the harder you fight the quicker you go down. Then I came to, all a-sweat an

a-shake; an' I says to myself: "Come Billy. You're a grown man—this ain't no way for you to act." An' I took stock of my chances to get out.

stock of my chances to get out.

It didn't take long to figure 'em. I thought of everything a man could think of, an' all it come to was this: Unless somebuddy showed up I had about an hour's dyin' ahead of me, with as low down an' miserable a finish as a man that stands six foot in his socks could expect.

Then I hollered for help, you bet; an' anybuddy that heard me would know by the sound that I'd got myself into pretty serious trouble. There's some thin in the voice of man or animile that's been slammed up ag'in the worst

of it that you can't mistake.

Pardner, I laid back my cars an'
yelled for fair, though I didn't believe there was the least use in it as no one had any business within five miles of where I was.

I could fancy I heard my call go wan-

sees me—me, Bill Hendricks—dyin' here by inches, an' you don't care a darn, do you?" If I had a gun I'd bave pulled an' shot at it, it riled me so.

Well sir, I'd got so cast with the i-dee that it had come my time to pass in, worst in the country. I remembered that, now that I was in the middle of one of them.

I want to tell you that I never liked that when I heard an answerin whoop I thought my ear sight was workin a game on me.

Then it popped into my head that

where you didn't have no business to be!" But all I seid was "Hello!" "Hello!" says he, an' he took a step

"Keep back! Blast yer skin, keep back!" I yells.

"Why, what's the matter," says he. Now, when I first see him I felt so God-forsaken that I was almost glad, but in a minute it come over me how foul I was fixed, an' for a man as proud an' sassy as I'd allus been, to take help wrists that from a galoot I'd made a long-eared jackass of was a hard pill, an' my dander riz. So help me. Bob' I felt like sayin': "Nothin' is the matter run on about your business!" an' goin' down like a gentleman. But before I could say that I got madder yet at the hull shootin' match, I lost what little sense I ever had an' cussed that feller red,

black and blue.

"Matter!" I winds up. "Why. I'm stuck in this four-ply, forty-times-bedarned-to-hell-an'-back-ag'in quick-sand. What of it?" says I, which was pretty poor play for a man in my circumstances. cumstances.

At the word "quicksand" he stepped back—it ain't a pleasant sound—but he looked at me steady.

"I ain't much of a man from your standpoint, Bill," says he, "but I'm altogether too much of a man not to try my little darnedest to get you out of this, even if you have done me dirt," he says. "What's the first act?" or words to that effect

I could fancy I heard my call go wanderin' through the woods, echoin' an'
lonesome, not findin' a livin' thing, an'
It fair chucked a freeze into me.
I looked up at the sun, which was
shinin', warm an' pleasant, an' I says
out loud: "You're the only thing that
sees me—me, Bill Hendricks—dyin' here
"Till try it anyhow," says he, though

he got blue around the gills.
"Hold" says I. "Have you got a rope with you?" For the first question was only to try his sand—there wasn't any sense in it. "No," says he.

Then I see he had an ax.

"Can you drop that tree so it'll fall near me?" I asks. He lit into the tree without answerin'

felled the tree so true that it come down right over my head, but, of course, too I high up for me to reach.

Then he crawled out on it an' stretched his arms down to me. "Shake, pardner," says I, as I grabbed

"Shake, pardner," says I, as I grabbed his hands, for the thing sure did have a funny side to it.

Well, the tustle began, for I wasn't out of the hole yet by adurn sight. Each inch I'd gain that sand would go "su-coop!" like it was growlin' at my gettin' away; but slow an' steady done it, and a last I was on ton of the tree so.

"My friend," says I, "I'll ask you all—tin' away; but slow an' steady done it, and a last I was on ton of the tree so. an' at last I was on top of the tree so | thing? plumb tuckered-out that I shook like a | "Wh

The supe started bindin' up one of his wrists that got pretty badly scratched ag'in the tree.
When he'd finished, "Come with me,"

When he'd linished, Come with the, says I.

"Why," says he, "I wanted to—"

"All right," he says, "I'll come because I've got to, but I'll say this, Bill Hendricks, you might at least said 'thankee' an' not started corwdin' metable ways acit."

right away ag'in."
"It ain't your turn to talk," says I.
"Come with me." So back we went to the mess wagin,

When we got in sight, we see the boys standin' around wonderin' what in Sam Hill had become of the cook and dinner, then, when they spotted me all covered with mud comin' along with the supe.

"Why, yes," says they. "You're all right, Billy. What's eatin' you now?"
"You know what's happened between this little man an' me," I says, laying my hand down on the supe's shoulder. "Well, he's just quit sayin' my life this minute; now we're goin' to fix things

With that I marches him over to the

mess wagin.
"There's your can of syrup, pardner,"
I says; "pour it in my hair." He began to argue an' make a fuss.

"I suppose you know who you're fool-

(Continued on page 26.)

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